

# The Mirror

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

There are a few relics of barbarism still left in the city.

The sight-seeer shouldn't overlook them. The postal system among the number. Now I am not attacking Mr. May's department as conducted by Mr. May. I am calling attention rather to the rotten arrangements made by the Dominion Government at Ottawa, for the housing and disposition of His Majesty's Mail.

Years ago the stage coach used to be the means of transit for letter post. The carrier had his bag which he handed over to the postmaster. Town-dwellers flocked around and had their correspondence practically the moment it arrived.

So was the simple system of simple administration a joy alike, both to the post-master and the people he served.

But those days, and those conditions, have long since passed away. Business has grown, correspondence and communication have developed amazingly, and, as I remarked last week, once affairs have grown beyond the one-man-responsible stage, complications and dissatisfaction have inevitably crept in.

Today the postal service in Edmonton is a disgrace. You may get your letters tomorrow, and you may get them next week.

The Dominion Government. The Dominion Government were too superior to accept any of Mr. May's suggestions when the new Post-Office was built.

The Dominion Government, so penny wise and pound foolish, that they pay their clerks salaries that, in a town in the West won't hold a clerk worth his salt, a day after he sees a chance, sporting one mark you, to better himself.

Why the staff changes, I should imagine, once every fortnight.

The accommodation for the mail is about half what is required.

I know a man who waited at the supposed parcel counter for twenty-five minutes to be waited on, and was then directed upstairs, somewhere near the attic for his parcel.

Looks like fine arrangement, doesn't it? Some of you wonder, and complain bitterly that you never receive your papers.

Do you want to know why? Not that they are not posted to you. But that some of the postmen have also a fancy for light literature with their mails.

The following is an actual incident that two of "The Mirror" mailing staff—I needn't confess all that I employ at present—saw with their own eyes, one day recently.

You know the paper men go inside to deposit the papers to be mailed. My men had taken a consignment of "The Mirror" over a week or two ago, and placed them on the usual receptacle ready for them, when a Posty wandered in, and announcing that he was going home to tea, asked if there was a paper about that he could read. At the sorting table the daily papers were being distributed, when a clerk walked over to a box, nipped out a Journal and said, "Here you are."

He took the first one handy: Careless-like, with that prodigal liberty you so often find when a man doesn't have to pay for an article.

Posty pocketed the paper, walked off, and that night one of you cursed the careless methods on duty, employed at the Journal office.

It is a little daily paper to great a temptation, you can easily figure out what chance your illustrated weeklies and your magazines, etc. Loose business methods flourish all about us, both in the handling of public and private business.

Until we pay reliable men good salaries, and refuse to let our mailing system get tangled up with political supervision, we may expect to retain our obsolete method of handling the people's mail.

You know, once upon a time I did believe in municipal ownership.

But the telephone department as run at present, a good example of how it conducts its affairs?

If so, to perdition with it. How patient we are! How talk of those subscriptions-to-be, smoothes down our angry present curses and feelings.

Those subscriptions—due sometime in November! And in the meantime it is—

"Bank of Commerce."

"Dr. Smith."

"The Palace Meat Market."

"Police Station."

"Bulletin."

"That you, Mrs. Jones?"

"Bank of Commerce."

"I wish you would leave us alone."

That, and you and I missing business opportunities, friends from out of town, important messages; Oh you know all I mean, just as well as I can explain.

Why don't some of you complain where the complaining would bring about reforms.

The City is quick enough to raise, and seek out, trouble, when you and I am remiss in meeting our light or water rates.

Why should we pay them for a service that costs us good, hard-earned money every day we put up with it?

I had occasion to do business yesterday with a legal firm whose firm-name includes five partner's patronymics. I had occasion (compulsory, believe me) to send that firm a cheque. At the end of the third name, there was no more room on the line, so I let it go at that—

"Pay to Cash," Ponsonby, Dashby," you see "the point"—so many dollars."

Today my firm writes me, "Kindly in future make out your cheques in the name of the present firm." Can't.

Have no further funds, and one lawyer a meal is about all I feel able to cope with.

The profession are a weakness with me. I love them all.

But to deal with five at one fell blow is utterly beyond me. I should expect nothing short of a penitentiary sentence.

I must curb my preference for this expensive association of gentlemen, seek out some lonely writer of words, and—keep my legal business within the limits of my purse and a cheque form.

May I suggest to these learned gentlemen incidentally, that their business name is a bit unwieldy, and that I am perfectly willing both now, and at any time, that they should return my filthy gold.

More's in a name, I think, than we sometimes allow for.

That's why people love to flock where the other sheep are heading for. If this were not so, you would find many a young chap, keen on his business, up in a little top floor office, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up with at least a clerk, or two to do the drudgery end of the work, and enough of a clientele to at least keep him in a new Fall suit.

It is undeniable that a lawyer who looks after your business himself, or any other business man who waits on you in person, gives your case more attention than the big firm who hand you over to

Firm names are strange things sometimes. I know one pair of partners in town I have never been able to sort out. Which is Jekyll and which Hyde I have never fathomed.

I always, in speaking to them, say the name rapidly, like Jekyllhyde.

They have been in their present stand since ever I came to Edmonton—a more notable fact than a seven years' residence would seem to imply.

They are indefatigable workers. Almost they are an institution.

One day a wag come by and wrote beneath: "What in thunder for?"

My lad was so hurt he nearly pulled stakes. However where there's a will.

In time he annexed his first patient. Need I say she was one of the fairest of the fair

To the skill of this particular Doctor there was apparently no limit.

The belle-sheep having come, soon the rest of the flock were notified.

To-day he is the correct thing in that town, and deserves to be.

He didn't marry the belle, however, and now sometimes she wonders if he is quite as clever as she once thought him.

That young chap had to make his name, but now it stands for the most progressive work in his particular line in that city. To-day he can employ all the assistants he requires, because he has himself made good.

But that doesn't necessarily imply, does it, that his staff will be above reproach.

Unhappily, while we can make ourselves practically what we want, we can't make others what we would that they should be.

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been done in the present instance. The Toronto Globe, the Vancouver Sun, and other Liberal journals have all quoted the city's greeting as evidence that the people of Edmonton approve of what the late Liberal government did, and no amount of quibbling as to the exact meaning of the words used can excuse those responsible.

The whole proceeding was most improper. The Duke might with propriety have sent the address back to be changed. But apparently he simply put it down to ignorance of constitutional practice, and decided that the best way out of the difficulty would be simply to ignore the paragraphs that have since been so widely criticised.

In Wednesday night's Journal the Mayor undertook to explain how the whole thing came about. But his letter does not rid him of blame. It puts him in a much more ridiculous light. He read and signed the address. It was not a lengthy affair, and any man in his position should have grasped the fact that a game was being put up on him by the Liberal politicians whom he asked to write the document.

Having requested their services, which were purely voluntary, I cannot see that he was justified in making public their names at this stage, and if I were in the position of Messrs. Rae and MacKay, I should feel very sore over the Mayor's conduct. They were not in a public capacity, and the public has no right to find fault with them if the Mayor did not feel capable of writing his own address, he should have asked for those who did the work for him, even though their handiwork made the whole city look foolish.

It is all a very delightful mix-up. Outsiders at least can have a good laugh at Edmonton's expense.

As a Daughter of The Empire, I went to hear Mrs. Colin Campbell address the assembled chapters of the Order, on Monday afternoon, in All Saints Schoolroom. The address had the aims and objects of the order as its basis, though Mrs. Campbell wandered far enough afield to deliver quite a patriotic lecture before she finished.

One carries away from a woman's address, I think, more of the personality of the speaker, and a general idea of her subject than perhaps any other detailed impression of her subject matter. I believe then, a woman who speaks on a public platform does so with more magnificence, and much more charm of manner, than a man in a similar position.

Men judge a man (sometimes and the best men always) from the standpoint of the arguments he presents. Women are inclined to wander down little side-ways and by-ways.

All very charming no doubt, but difficult to follow in reporting an address.

I have come of late to think very little of verbatim reporting, as a matter of fact. It is dull work, conveys no real idea of the effect produced, and is prone beyond words. In every meeting there is, or should be, an "atmosphere."

It may be friendly, electric, antagonistic or one of a hundred things, but it is the prevailing characteristic of the gathering.

Good heavens! who wants to be a purring pussy-cat of a reporter?

Everyone "lovely," everything "smooth as cream." Lies, lies, my friends ad nauseum.

I am not here to write what people like to read. Like to hear of themselves. I am here to speak the truth as I see it.

To be to a person's faults "a little blind," and to think virtues where there are none, is both good theory and good practice, but to be sympathetic is death and degradation to the person's soul who write such twaddle, and absolutely degenerating to those who read the stuff. Woman-like, I too have wandered far afield—

Mrs. Campbell delivered a very enjoyable little talk along patriotic lines. She is very conversationalist, and on the public platform, and in private life, speaks in much the same pleasantly informal fashion.

She told us, what I was glad to hear, that the Daughters of The Empire have enlarged the scope of their work, leaving practically to the discretion of each Chapter, the work they see most needs the doing.

At one time they ran affairs with a high-hand from the headquarters in Toronto. Now they have adopted a broader policy.

Work for the Empire, should embrace as large a scope as that Empire covers. In future the Order will recognize this. Mrs. Campbell made a reference to Laura Secord's saving of Canada to the British Crown, a fitting example for each woman who loved her land.

She closed with a sympathetic appeal for that great Daughter of the Empire, Miss Pauline Johnson, the poetess, who now lies very ill at the Butte hospital in Vancouver.

No Canadian need he told of the sweetest singer of pure Canadian verse who can lay claim to that. Not only is she a great daughter of our own great land, but in a distinctive way she voices the things and customs peculiar to its people. Her "Song My Paddle Boat" has to my own mind, no equal in Canadian verse, and I'll go further than that, feeling our own standard (if I said standard, mark you) is as high as that of any other country, and say of its kind, has never been excelled.

Not only "Daughters of the Empire" should know Miss Johnson's poems.

Every Canadian should feel it a privilege to obtain a copy of them.

Must genius ever go hungry?

Is it only human heart to count on no value, when we name over the resources of Canada.

I never hear of Ability overlooked, and young Genius allowed to wither, or forced far afield for recognition, without an angry, aching heart. We are so careful to tend and husband everything, of coarse material value, while people die for the lack of encouraging words, and rewards that are only their just dues.



DeWolf Hopper as Dick Deadeys, and Viola Gillette as Little Butler Cup, in "Pinhead".  
Empire Theatre, Next Thursday, Oct. 3rd.

the tender mercies of their flock of employees! But someone that office with the big staff corralle most of the sheep.

Blank versus Dashby. Ponsonby, Dashby, Jones Macneale and Leonard, hasn't a very fair show, and the office with the manifold machine, a dozen type-writers clicking, and clerks tumbling all over each other, seems to inspire a confidence, not always warranted by the facts.

For myself I have a fellow-feeling with all the little fellows. I know what it is to wait, I know what it means to keep up heart. I know what it feels like to think you have the goods, and the other chap the ignorance.

I remember a young dentist back East, who descended on our little city in all the glory of his immaculate new linen uniforms, the latest painless methods, and a general scheme of demonstrating how to be happy, though in your dentist's hands.

He sang in the church choir. He did the church mufin struggles! He tead and was tead.

He talked with all the "interesting cases" whom no one had ever been able to do anything for," but there was no money jingling in the brand-new cash box. The set of books remained a virgin-white, and the Doctor's heart, so cocky and hopeful, became a leaden object that even the town belle couldn't ring.

Sometimes people want for a stroll to the post-offices. Maybe someone would have a toothache by mail.

When he went out, he was wont to post up a little sign "Back at One, or in Half an Hour" or some such promissory message.

Another day I make the remark that I have never yet seen Mr. Blank, to learn that he is dead these many days, but that the store carries on its business under the old name, because it has come to stand for quality and fair dealing, and all those other stable virtues that we like to look for when we part with our hard-earned dollars.

Some of you, who read this page, concern yourself more with the money end of the game than in laying your firm corner-stone.

It's a big mistake.

If the Duke were in a position to tell what he really thought of the welcome that he was given to Edmonton, I venture to say it would not afford any material for Mr. August Wolf's publicity campaign.

We did not do ourselves proud. In fact there was a great deal of hopeless bungling, and it does no good to shut our eyes to the fact. We should recognize and try to see to it that we do things differently when another such occasion comes around.

From one end of the country to the other the newspapers have been discussing the civic address that we presented. It will be an interesting subject of conversation between his Royal Highness and the King, when the former comes to tell of his Canadian experiences.

It does not make any difference what we think of reciprocity. Nothing should have been said in an address to the King a representative which could be used for political purposes, and this is what has

# Edmonton's Star Subdivision BEACON HEIGHTS ANNEX

## FACTS

Graded Streets.

Lots High, Dry and Level

Good Neighborhood.

City Park Annex and The Highlands nearby where property sells for \$30 per front foot.

Investigate and make your reservation NOW.

See the Army  
of Men now  
Making  
Improvements  
on this property  
at no expense  
to Purchaser

## FACTS

Two Car Lines now in actual operation nearby.

Dozens of beautiful Homes on Beacon Heights and adjoining property.

Schools, Churches, Stores Parks nearby.

Near Industrial Centre.  
Very Easy Terms—1-4  
Cash, balance 4, 8, 12, 16  
months.

See the Army  
of Men now  
Making  
Improvements  
on this property  
at no expense  
to Purchaser



**PRICE \$125 per Lot and up**



Certified to by Hyman-May Co.



Certified to by Hyman-May Co.

## Robertson-Davidson, Ltd.

OWNERS

40 JASPER AVE. EAST, EDMONTON

ADJOINING ORPHEUM THEATRE

### KANOUSE LOCKS WHOOOP-UP GATES ONCE MORE

Once again Mr. H. A. Kanouse has locked the gates of old Fort Whooop Up, and as he did in '08 "packed his blankets" and journeyed to other haunts. Mr. Kanouse, who constructed the old fort at Victoria park from memory of the days when he and other traders took refuge therein, will depart for Chehalis, Wash., today.

Phil Weiland, who broke and drove 11 head of oxen to a freight wagon and brought them from the Twenty-Mile to the Stampede, is already on the return journey, and barring accident will reach home by Christmas.

Possibly few living men know more of the history of old Fort Whooop Up than Mr. Kanouse, who in the stirring times when trading with the Indians and trapping was the chief industry of lower western Canada, was one of the men who made the old post his home.

"The source of Whooop Up's reputation as the rendezvous of bad men is traceable to a San Diego, Cal., newspaper of 1868," said Mr. Kanouse yesterday. "The story must have been more than a column, and was about as lurid as imagination could

make it. It said that Fort Whooop Up was the rendezvous of the bloodiest band of cut-throats that ever went unhung, including escaped convicts, murderers, renegades and that ilk, who pillaged and murdered Indians, stole horses and cattle and did many other things equally as bad. It is true there were such men along the border at that time, but they were not a part of those who made the fort headquarters."

"At no time were there more than sixty men at the post, and in most cases five or six traders was all that remained when the trappers and wolves were out seeking pelts."

In those days it was policy to be on good terms with the Indians, as we traders were doing a good business and desired that friendly relations remain unbroken. About all the Indian killing that was done was by the wolves who killed buffalo, poisoned the carcasses and then gathered the wolf pelts. Some Indians made it a practice to follow up the traps and poisoned meat and gathered the hides before the wolves could come up. When they saw an Indian stealing they pot-shot him, and if other Indians took up the fight the trappers took refuge in the fort."

The naming of Fort Whooop Up is traceable to a

Frenchman named Charles Choquette, who freighted from Fort Benton to what was then Fort Hamilton. Choquette did not know much English, and whenever he learned a word he had a habit of repeating it over and over. There was an eighty mile barren stretch between Fort Benton and Fort Hamilton, and it was a dread to the outfit that made the trip. One night Choquette was drawing near to the fort; his outfit was tired and lagging, and others were complaining, including Charley. Finally someone said: "Let's whoop up and get on to the fort." This struck Charley as a good phrase, and he kept repeating it every now and then. As they reached the fort he yelled, "Whooop Up," and it became a by-word, like all euphonious western names, becoming a fixture.

"There were stirring times along the border about that time, and many men who were not willing to have their past investigated, but contrary to popular belief, Fort Whooop Up was not the gathering place for them, but the home of traders and trappers."

Mr. Kanouse again has a longing for the old land where he trapped and traded as a young man, and is casting about for an investment, and may return and take up his residence here.

### THE SUBSTITUTE LIFE

The cost of meat went soaring up  
To figures past belief.  
Till Jones upon his table had  
A substitute for beef.

The price of clothes went kiting up,  
His purse was far from full.  
And so Jones wore upon his back  
A substitute for wool.

The cost of land and rent went up  
Wherever he might roam,  
Till Jones could only live within  
A substitute for home.

At last poor Jones himself went up  
And fared exceeding well;  
"Come in," St. Peter said, "you've had  
Your substitute for hell."

—New York World.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

NOTHING HAS BEEN MISSED

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

I have seen the painted savior cut the white man's scalp away.  
I have seen great gladiators going proudly to the fray.  
I have looked at Julius Caesar as he led his legions past;  
I have seen Napoleon's army crushed and crumpled up at last;  
I have watched intrepid Perry climbing over hills of snow—  
I have seen them on a canvas at a motion picture show.  
  
I have seen the martyred Lincoln strike the shackles from the slave;  
I have watched Titanic victims as they sank beneath the wave;  
I have watched Columbus kneeling at proud Isabella's feet;  
I have seen the Queen of Sheba when her outfit was complete;  
I have gazed upon Ulysses when his hopes were sagging low—  
I have seen them on a canvas at a motion picture show.  
  
I have seen the daring David strike the great Goliath down;  
I have seen Queen Mary sadly putting off her precious crown;  
I have gazed on Cleopatra sitting in her barge of state;  
I have seen young Alexander do the things that made him great;  
I have even gazed on Adam when the angel bade him go—  
I have seen them on a canvas at a motion picture show.

—S. S. Kiser.

So that you may appreciate them the more when they strike Edmonton, this list of the season's "star gags" in vandyke that an enterprising New York reporter has collected is worth publishing—

"Why did the star and the understudy kiss and make up?"  
"Because they couldn't make up and kiss."  
"I hear Green has married money."  
"Yes, poor fellow, he'll never have another quiet moment."  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"Money talks."

"I can't help thinking about myself."  
"That's the human instinct—to worry over trifles."

"He slipped on the polished floor and killed himself."  
"Sort of a hardwood finish, you might say."

"What's that fool over there cackling about?"  
"Oh, he's just laid a wager."

"Here's a footprint. It's a man's."  
"But the footprint is a woman's."  
"Ah, yes. Then it must be a misprint."

"Why does that old maid use so much paint on her face?"  
"Oh, she's just making up for lost time."

"Say, do you know how to make a triangle?"  
"Sure; pull one side out of a square and glue the loose ends."

"Why, why did you give that beggar your watch?"  
"Oh, just to pass the time away."

"How can I ever keep this house quiet?"  
"Shut it up."

"Vy don't yer speak ter yer svelt friend at der outer end of der car?"  
"Shush! She ain't paid her fare yet."

"Pa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet."  
"Is he really?"  
"Oh, very. You see, the last fella I had that he tried to kick was a football player."

"Here is a very rare painting."  
"Why rare?"  
"Because it isn't well done."

"Did you see those autos aid?"  
"Sir, on date you call me a kid!"

"I hear you're a wonderful electrician."  
"Yes, what'd you mean by waking me up with a switch."

"Here, father do me by napping me out of a sound sleep?"  
"Because the sound was too distressing."

"Well, old boy, you know money talks."  
"Maybe it does; but all it ever said to us was, 'Good-bye.'"

"Why must you hurry? Tarry yet awhile."  
"I am not fond of the stage, my dear, but I hear your father coming, and I think I had better go before the foot lights."

"There was a big boarding-house dynamited. Did you hear about it?"  
"Not a word."  
"That's strange. The air was full of roomers."

"Are you any better off for getting married?"  
"Yes; formerly I had good quarters."  
"And now?"  
"Well, now I have a better hall."

"Last night, at the New Pavilion, Miss Cecilia Dare presented a little play of some merit, entitled 'Dare Stoops to Conquer.' The play seems rather

drawn out in parts, much of it being somewhat irrelevant, but on the whole it is a pretty and an amusing piece, and well worth seeing.—Liverpool Daily Post.

In spite of calls, however, the author did not appear.—Punch.

Mr. Frank Flanagan, who has been well known in Winnipeg as a baritone singer for the last seven years, is leaving the city this week to take up residence in Edmonton. It will be remembered that Mr. Flanagan sang the part of Valentine at the Winnipeg Oratorio's performance of Gounod's Faust in the Walker Theatre in the spring of last year. He was for many years baritone soloist at St. Mary's Church and his loss will be distinctly felt in the musical circles of the city.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

The English papers announce the death of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, one of the best known of modern composers. His "Hiawatha" was taken up by Edmonton musicians a year or so ago.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was last week walking in the street in Croydon on his way to the Crystal Palace, when he was taken ill and fell down in the road. He was unrecognized, and, recovering himself, managed to get into a tramway car, unassisted. He went straight to bed and the doctor diagnosed his complaint as influenza. He had been working hard recently on a new work, a "Ballad" in four scenes representing the story of Hiawatha.

Though he has died so suddenly at the age of thirty-seven, he leaves fifty-nine works. He submitted his thoughts to paper as fast as they came to him. Unlike many other composers he did not inherit his genius, for neither his father nor his mother was musical. His father was a native of Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa, and his mother was an Englishwoman.

He himself was born in Holborn. He started his musical studies at the age of six, and worked incessantly. His first master, Mr. John Beckwith, described how he met the boy in one hand a very small-sized violin and playing marbles with the other. Struck by the boy's appearance, Mr. Beckwith invited him to his house. Another patron was Colonel Herbert A. Walters, who discovered him at Do you never get tired of perpetual rest? school in Croydon.

In 1891 Mr. Coleridge-Taylor entered the Royal College of Music, and from that time he was almost ceaselessly at work on musical compositions. He wrote cantatas for most of the great musical festivals in England. His best known composition is "Hiawatha." He is said to have had the entire splendid melody of this work he had relied entirely on the spirit of Longfellow's words. Among other works are "A Tale of Old Japan," "The Blind Boy of Castel-Calle," "Mag. Blane," "The Atomsphere," "Endymion's Dream," and the music for Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Nero" and "Herod." In his own opinion, "A Tale of Old Japan," from the book by Mr. Alfred Noyes, was his best work.

We are accustomed in Edmonton to receive visits from singers with great reputations who left behind them vast musical audiences. Madame Schumann-Hennrich was a decided exception, however. Her widespread popularity is not hard to understand. Her voice is a magnificent one at the present time, and more reminiscent of that which once was great, and she has the temperamental back of it without which no artist makes a strong appeal. The simplicity of her stage manner has most refreshing after some not very remote examples of another kind that we have had in this city.

What struck one most in connection with her work was that while she is freely described as the world's finest contralto and her lower register has a hollow and richness that has perhaps only its equal in recent years, her voice, her programme abounded in words passages that made perhaps the strongest appeal to her audience. The artist number is one that a contralto can sing ordinarily be expected to attempt, but it proved perhaps the most striking of the whole evening.

"The Cry of Rachel," which we were first made familiar with dramatic intensity, would be hard to equal. The prison scene from Meyerbeer's "The Prophet," gave an excellent conception of Schumann-Hennrich's power in grand opera. Mr. Edmond Collins, the solo pianist, was distinctly above the average ability, and added not a little to the pleasure of the programme, while Mrs. Hoffman proved an ideal accompanist.

Each week finds the Orpheum attractions bringing larger audiences to the Empire for the first three nights and afterwards. It is with difficulty that a seat can be obtained at the opening hour. This week's bill had as its feature Miss Amelia Bingham, an actress who needs no introduction to those who have followed the American stage in the past ten or fifteen years. With a small company she gives a series of "great scenes from great plays." In a short space of time she obtained an excellent grasp of what underlay two of Sardou's masterpieces and one of the plays especially written for Miss Bingham, "A Modern Godiva." The "Madame Sans-Gene" selection showed Miss Bingham at her best. Both in this and in "La Tosca," she rose to a devoted height as an emotional actress.

The lighter numbers were all well done, and the evening was a most enjoyable one all round.

That public taste has not been altogether vitiated by the modern musical comedy, and that there still remains a widespread capacity for the enjoyment of the older and better music and for the operetta-brethren that are content with a little wit and intelligent nonsense has been ably demonstrated in the success of the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company announced to be seen at the Empire Theatre next week, in a series of revivals of some of the most popular works of those two wonderful gifted writers, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert.

The revival of any one popular stage offering, after a considerable period of seeming obscurity, is always a matter of serious and speculative interest. What one seemed good may still retain charm, or it may seem hopelessly antiquated. The practical effect on a modern audience cannot be judged purely from a vivid memory of early performances. Fashions change not only in the material aspect of stage presentations but in musical expression and dramatic manner.

That it was timely for a revival of the Gilbert and

## 34 Reasons Why

The SHREWDEST & KEENEST Men are SNAPPING UP

## KENNEDALE

THE MONEY MAKER

- 1—KENNEDALE's location assures its future.
- 2—KENNEDALE has about 2 miles of Railroad Trackage.
- 3—KENNEDALE adjoins the Western Machinery and Foundry Company.
- 4—KENNEDALE adjoins the Gasket and Box Factory.
- 5—KENNEDALE adjoins the Great Northern Tank.
- 6—KENNEDALE adjoins other industries.
- 7—in KENNEDALE we are receiving a large number of lots and we are giving these away free as factory sites to any legitimate industrial concern.
- 8—A large milling concern has an option on 15 acres, with the idea of starting a huge mill in KENNEDALE.
- 9—Only large industries are negotiating with us now for free sites.
- 10—KENNEDALE will be nearly all business property.
- 11—KENNEDALE will have a large number of homes this fall.
- 12—KENNEDALE as a fine natural park.
- 13—KENNEDALE park sits on 1000 Boulevard.
- 14—KENNEDALE has graded streets.

- 15—KENNEDALE will be fine residential as well as business property.
- 16—KENNEDALE is quite close to a post office.
- 17—KENNEDALE is quite close to Churches.
- 18—KENNEDALE is close to Schools.
- 19—KENNEDALE is close to Hotels.
- 20—KENNEDALE is close to Restaurants.
- 21—KENNEDALE is close to the Large Industries.
- 22—KENNEDALE's lots are level.
- 23—KENNEDALE's lots are large, 33 feet wide.
- 24—KENNEDALE's lots are good, the soil sandy, and you can walk to KENNEDALE in all seasons.
- 25—KENNEDALE will make you more money than anywhere else.
- 26—KENNEDALE will make you that money faster.
- 27—KENNEDALE has been authorized by resolution in council to include KENNEDALE within the City limits.
- 28—KENNEDALE's possibilities are wonderful and you should see them.
- 29—On auto are always at your disposal.

LOTS \$300 up

1-4 Cash, Balance 4, 8, 12, and 16 Months

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EDMONTON'S BEST OFFICE

Sullivan comic operas there can be no doubt, for in the history of our present stage there is nothing that can quite compare with the wonderful success which has come to them, from the very beginning, which was two years ago, when the Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady brought forward "The Mikado" as the beginning of a repertoire of Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, which to-day, in addition to that delicious travesty on Old Japan, also includes "Pinafore," "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance," all of which will be given presentation during the local engagement of the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company.

In these different revivals the full strength of this famous organization will be exploited, which contains De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George MacFarlane, Arthur Aldridge, Kate Condon, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady, Louis Barthele and the New York Casino Theatre chorus.

It has been arranged that the following attractive repertoire will be presented. On Thursday, "The Mikado" will be given, on Friday evening "Patience" will be the offering, "H.M.S. Pinafore" is announced for the Saturday matinee, and "The Pirates of Penzance" on Saturday evening.

### CONAN DOYLE AND THE SLATER CASE

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has recently made a strong plea for the British public to insist on the re-opening of the Slater case.

In his able brochure on the subject, the creator of Sherlock Holmes throws a searching light on the evidence which convicted the man Slater. The result is that no fair-minded reader can accept without questioning the verdict of the Glasgow jury, which, by nine votes out of fifteen, decided on the man's guilt. Evidently the same thought was responsible for the commutation of the man's death sentence into one of penal servitude for life.

Briefly narrated, the facts of the case are as follows:

On December 21, 1908, a Miss Gilchrist, living in a Glasgow flat with her servant, who was out at the time, was found lying on the floor in her dining room, brutally murdered. The assassin—or assassins—left no clue. At the inquest of Miss Gilchrist's belongings it was found that only one object was missing, namely, a diamond crescent brooch, otherwise her household jewels, valued at over £4,000, was found intact.

The missing diamond brooch was seized upon by the police as it is only possible clue to the discovery of the murderer, and by a strange coincidence it happened that a few days after the tragedy a German Jew, Oscar Slater by name, and a man of loose character, was endeavoring to dispose of the pawn ticket of a diamond brooch. The description of the man tallied in some respects with that of the assassin, but by another strange coincidence, Slater was not seen, or was supposed to have been seen, by three witnesses.

Arrest in New York  
No sooner had the police received this information than, by another strange coincidence, Slater left Glasgow for America. The authorities in New York were asked to detain him, and a detective-investigator, accompanied by the three witnesses, was sent across the Atlantic to identify him.

The pawn ticket was found, but unfortunately from the police point of view, it had no bearing on

the case, the diamond brooch for which it stood having belonged to Slater for years and having been pawned previously to the murder. Consequently one of two courses would have to be followed by the police: either they would have to drop the diamond brooch clue and collect further evidence incriminating Slater, or else absolve him from complicity and continue to search for the diamond brooch. The former course was chosen.

It is a peculiarity of the whole case that no direct evidence was ever brought forward proving that Oscar Slater and no other was or could have been the assassin. The motive of the crime has remained a mystery to this day, the diamond brooch was not in his possession, and the most painstaking examination of his belongings did not reveal anything which could have brought the crime home to him.

What, then, was the evidence which convicted Slater? It was the evidence of identification, and it is on account of the very shabby character of the evidence that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle appeals for a revision of the case.

### TO A JEALOUS RIVAL

Although you say your holiday was wet, Mine, as a fact, was noticeably wetter: Whatever depth of rain you chanced to get, I know that I can go some inches better. Day after day as far as eye could reach, Which was not far, low clouds the hills were swathing.

Day after day I swam towards the beach, To find the sea was far too rough for bathing!

There has been nothing like it since the Flood: The south-west gales each day grew more and more appalling.

And ever, with a dull and sickening thud, The pessimist barometer kept falling.

The damage to the crops of which you speak Doubtless loomed large upon the farmers' ledger, But down they saw the harvest was unique.

They had to scow the corn up with a dredger, Nay, nay! No more about the awful time Which you have spent: It doubtless was annoying.

But, still, your weather has been quite sublime Compared with that which I have been enjoying: Mine was the worst that ever yet was seen—

A thought that holds for me a strong attraction—And it is not at least a trifle less unique.

To try to rob me of that satisfaction? TOUCHSTONE.

### OKLAHOMA LIVING

(New York Press.)

One glance at the retail market prices contained in a little newspaper at Grand Rapids, Okla., would in these parts make anybody's eyes bulge and his mouth take on moisture:

Eggs, 10 cents, 10 cents.  
Fresh butter, pound, 15 cents.  
Fryers, pound, 11½ cents.  
Poultry, pound, 6 cents.  
No. 1 turkeys, pound, 7 cents.  
No. 2 turkeys, pound, 5 cents.  
Ducks, each, 30 cents.  
Geese, pound, 4 cents.



## THE MIRROR

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1912

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FRANK M. GABSON, Insurance Specialist in all branches. Union Bank Chambers, Edmonton.

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## I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE :: ::

An old negro preacher gave as his text, "De tree is known by its fruit, an' it's jes impossible to shake de possum down."

After the benediction an old brother said to him: "I never knowed 'bello' dat such a text was in de Bible."

"Well," admitted the preacher, "it ain't down dat way I throwed in de possum to hit de intelligence of my congregation."

He was a genius. There was no doubt about it. His hair was long, and there was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and he had a scheme that would make him rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"What is your scheme?" asked a friend of his, seeking the secret information.

"Come to a quiet corner and I will tell you," said the long-locked one. "I've this. It has been estimated that the common female house fly lays 20,000,000 eggs in a season."

"Well," answered his friend, "what of that?"

"I propose," continued the other in a triumphant voice, "to graft the housefly onto the hen."

A horse dealer was trying to sell a horse afflicted with leucism, and said to the prospective buyer: "Hasn't he a fine coat? Isn't it a dandy?"

"His coat's all right, but I don't like his pants."

The Man at the Table—Well, throw that one away lobster is without a claw. How's that?

Waiter—You see, they're so fresh, these lobsters, they fight with each other in the kitchen.

The Man at the Table—Well, that that one away and bring me one of the winners—Judge.

"I'm sorry to have to mess your face so, Kitty," said Tommy as he dabbed pussy's face with jam, "but I can't have folks suspecting me, you know."

The latest American drink is the "Coroner's Cocktail," the ingredients being—Mix three chorus girls with an equal number of badly-beaten men and soak in champagne until midnight; squeeze into an auto; add a dash of joy and a drunken chauffeur; shake well; serve at seventy miles an hour.

A Toronto man went to a fly-haunted hotel down East. There was a hammock in the grove behind the hotel, and one afternoon our friend climbed into it with a pipe and book. But the flies tormented him to death, so he climbed out again.

"Look here, landlord," he complained, as he entered the office, "what's the cause of a hammock in such a fly-ridden spot as that grove?"

"Oh," said the landlord, "you didn't use the hammock during hammock hours."

"What are hammock hours?" said the guest.

"Twelve to two, sir," said the landlord. "You'll find no flies in the grove then, sir."

"And why not?" demanded the puzzled guest.

"Because," said the landlord, "twelve to two is luncheon, and they're all in the dining room then."

### SMALL FRY

The little fishes in the pools  
Where rushes grow  
Are said to go about in schools  
By those who know.

But this is what I do not like.  
It comes to pass  
That when I fish, I always strike  
An infant class.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?  
Poet—Oh Give Me Back My Dreams!  
Friend—And what did the editor write to you?  
Poet—"Take 'em."

"On the beach in the moonlight," he said, "a youth clasped a maiden passionately to his breast and murmured:

"Do you love me, darling?"  
"Yes—ah, yes, Reginald," she sighed.  
"Reginald!" said the youth in a startled voice.  
"You mean Clarence, don't you, dear?"  
"Yes, Clarence, of course," she said. "How stupid of me! I was thinking it was the weekend."

To add to Buncker's discomfort in losing his way he had now been brought to a standstill by the absolute impossibility of the highway, and his temper finally gave way about in schools.

"What kind of people are you up here in this rotten state?" he cried, addressing an old countryman who stood close by inspecting his stranded car.

"I dunno," said the old man, "about the same ez most folks, I callate."

"Do you call this scar on the face of nature a road?" roared Buncker, pointing to a deep rut in the road.

"Not ez I know on," returned the old man. "This here ain't the pike; it's Mose Whibley's trout stream run dry. I wondered what way was drivin' up it for."

"It is all very well for people to criticize young ministers and talk of their inexperience," said the rich miserly man, "but I have nothing but praise for our pastor—nothing but praise."

"Yes," remarked the deacon who passes the plate, "so I've noticed."

"Why, Thomas, what are you home for?" asked the boy's father. "It's holiday time, is it?"

"No," replied Thomas looking round the place. "I thought you were not coming home until the end of the term."

"Changed your mind," was the reply of the young hopeful, "and I'm not going back, either."

"Not going back? Why, how's that?"

"Don't like it there," replied Thomas.

"I thought it was a nice school," said his father.

"Why that school has turned out some of the smartest men in this country."

"Yes, I know that," returned Thomas, "it's turned me out."

Eve had just come in from the wood, where she had gathered into herself a fine new costume of Autumn leaves.

"How do you like my new dress, Adam?" she said, stealing an attitude before him.

"It's a peach," said Adam, admiringly.

"So dear, it's a magic," returned Eve.

It was about this time that it began to be rumored about that Women have no sense of humor.

Salesman—Here you are, gentlemen—the greatest invention of the age!

Taxidermy (stopping to listen)—What is it?

Salesman—A magnificent keyhole plate for front doors. It will attract an ordinary steel key from a distance of two feet. All you have to do to find the keyhole at night is to take out your key and hang on to it.

Three men were injured in the crowd that rushed to buy.

"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife, who was spending her first month away from him.

Two days later he received the following telegram:

"Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account."

Then he woke up and forwarded a check.

"Why did you and that young minister quarrel?" asked the friend.

"He was nice enough in many ways, but he was so horribly jealous and unfair," says the fair damsel to whom the young divine had been paying serious attention.

"Jealous, perhaps—and naturally," smiles the friend. "You are not?"

"Yes. Every time I would make an engagement for a moonlight walk or an afternoon stroll with some other man he would pray for rain."

"I don't want oatmeal!" screamed the kid.

"You must have oatmeal," said his father.

"Never had anything on a child like this," interposed uncle, who has theories. "Always give the child a choice."

"All right," said father. "Now, kid, you can have oatmeal or you can have a chip on the jaw. Which is it?"

The child took the oatmeal.

"A couple," said Mrs. Bill Et Rod, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which has lasted fifty years."

"I suppose," replied Rod, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

"Are you going to give up smoking?"

"Certainly."

"And drinking?"

"Gladly."

"And will you resign from all your clubs?"

"Willingly."

"Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up."

"Well, for one thing, I give up all idea of marrying you."

"Children," asked the visitor who was addressing the school, "how many of you can tell me what it was that Napoleon's soldiers used to call him?"

Nobody answered.

"Think a moment, Little."

Still nobody spoke up.

"Little Corp."

"A little corpulent!" shouted the children.

### THE RIGHT CONDITIONS

In most places the ground is swarming with strange and unfamiliar creatures—leards here and there, great worms, and slimy things of strange shape and color.

The conditions are right. In a normal season they would have stayed out of sight in the deep, dank, moist places or down in the earth, but now the conditions of things on the surface are exactly on the veritable rail, on the back stoop—right to their taste, and there they are, on the footpath, they are everywhere!

Slimy creatures who walk on two legs are only found where the conditions are right. What brings the white slave trader into a neighborhood? The conditions must be right or he wouldn't be there. The slimy thing never ventures on ground which is purified by the germ-destroying rays of a cloudless sun. If people are startled to find that a white-slaver is at work in Jericho Junction, they should set to work to correct the conditions, for the condition of things must be wrong.

But are things as bad as some people try to make them out to be? Recently the field missionary of a great purity organization threw a scare into the whole nation from Vancouver to Halifax with the statement that the traffic existed in almost every village. A year ago a lady in London made people uneasy by declaring that the Public School children were debauched.

Are these people trying to justify the big fat salaries they draw? That's the way unscrupulous secret service men in Russia—and other places much nearer home—justify their existence. So long as they can keep the ear, the king, or the president, in a state of nervous anxiety they are sure of their jobs.

The conditions do not exist in the average Canadian town, and it does a lot of harm to say that they do. It is a reflection on the sweetest generation of young girls that the world has ever seen. I know a whole army of them, and each one of them is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. A white slave hunt in this country would be a foolish as to go out hunting for illegal rights in the Beverly swamp.

The very people who are loudest in raising the scare cry are the very ones who create at least one of the conditions which has all along been a source of anxiety to those who guard the night. The indiscriminate and promiscuous night meeting has something to answer for. Perhaps if the social and moral reform experts and the "temperance" sharp would start a movement to dedicate every Sunday evening to the home it might help some. Let the young people go to church in the day time and turn the home into a shrine on Sunday evening. It is possible nowadays for a young man to "keep company" with a girl for months and his parents never know it. They wouldn't know him from a side of sole leather. All the sparking is done at the night meetings, or in the parlors, or round the hand stand, or on the river or bay, at the house party, etc.

THE KHAN in Boston Transcript.

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(Our Dumb Friends.)

Huxley once stated that the prestige of England on sea and land depended on the old mauls of England, and for why? Because the mauls steeled her courage for invincible cats. The cats destroyed the field-mice and so the mice could not destroy the humble bees and without the bees no clover could be grown. And no clover, no good English beef, and therefore no English yeomen to man the ships or fight on land and sea for the great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets and whose war drums are heard around the world.

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## IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD

The year is sufficiently advanced to review it as a whole, so far as building operations are concerned. Not many large permits are looked for from now on, though that for the Grand Trunk Hotel, excavation for which has begun during the past week may yet figure in the returns. The big hole in the ground on McDougall street gives some idea of the size of the undertaking.

The improved weather of the past two or three weeks has shown results everywhere. Down in the central section, the C.P.R. building is being brought rapidly to completion. It is to be a very handsome structure and alters the appearance of that part of the street to a very material extent. Just behind it the McClellan block is being rushed ahead with rapidity. Across Jasper the Royal Bank, a little further west the Northern Investment Co.'s structure, to the east the Northern Hardware Company's building, and the office building on McDougall south, are all scenes of great activity. On First street the Tegler block addition is attaining large proportions.

Among the large construction to be taken up immediately is the four story warehouse for the Swift company at the corner of Jasper and Fourth, and an apartment house for J. W. Horner of Vancouver at the corner of Jasper and Twelfth. This has proven an excellent investment for Mr. Horner who secured it twelve years ago, when it was in the middle of a considered a wild-catter at that time.

Out on the line to the Highlands Magrath and Holgate are erecting a three story business building. The development in this direction has been one of the features of the past summer. It is astonishing how many good houses have gone up in the Highlands this year. Nowhere in the city is the general standard of construction better. That there should be a good of interest in the property lying just beyond the end of the car line is natural. Mount Royal, Beverly Heights and Beacon Heights receiving much attention. The sale of the lots in Beacon Heights extension has been quite phenomenal.

The work on the high level bridge is being rushed rapidly. The contractors have been forced to operate on Sundays in order that the strain on the false work in the river should not have to be borne any longer than possible. At the present rate there should be little doubt about the work being finished up shortly after the first of the year. The weather will, of course, prove an important factor, however.

In anticipation of the early completion of the work, there has been renewed activity in property on both sides of the river that will be affected by the opening up of high level communication. This has been particularly noticeable along the street leading to the bridge on the north side. Several large transfers are reported recently on Ninth and Seventh. It is said that the purchaser of the property on the latter street that was referred to in this department of The Mirror two weeks ago has since refused to sell for \$25,000 what he bought for \$18,750. A house in the first block from Jasper, with a one hundred feet frontage, sold during the week for \$10,000, the purchaser afterwards reselling it \$10,000 on his bargain.

The building records for the West, according to the Financial Post, tell a marvelous story: For the first eight months of 1912, Calgary ranks third among all the cities of the West in the matter of population, including Montreal, the biggest city in Canada; Vancouver, Ottawa and Hamilton. Toronto leads for the eight months with \$10,317,890; Winnipeg is second with \$10,217,890; Vancouver with \$11,179,378; Vancouver fifth with \$11,151,702; Edmonton sixth with \$10,250,562; Saskatoon seventh with \$6,696,445, and Moose Jaw eighth with \$5,536,810.

When a news dispatch from Winnipeg, to the effect that frost had been in practice at a standstill and that frost has affected the grading of wheat, was read by Calgary grain men Wednesday morning they branded the originator of the article as a "knocker," and stated that this was absolutely untrue as far as Alberta was concerned.

"They must mean that report to apply to certain parts of Saskatchewan, and perhaps a few places in Manitoba," said Grain Inspector Hill, "but as far as Alberta is concerned there is no truth in it whatever. We are having the very best weather conditions here, and the crop couldn't be better. There is practically no wheat touched with frost in this province, and the grading is higher than it has been in the past. There is absolutely no frost in the report whatever, and over 90 per cent. of the wheat has been going on in good parts of the province during the past two weeks."

Mr. Pike, of the Royal Grain Company, also branded the information contained in the Winnipeg article as false and misleading as far as Alberta was concerned. He stated that about thirty cars had come in to Calgary since the shipping season opened, and none of them graded lower than No. 3 Red. The crop of this province is in splendid shape and there has been practically no frost.

He also stated that there was practically no fear of any injury from frost except by a few farmers who did their plowing late, but cases of this description were few. A couple of loads of wheat was shipped to Winnipeg from Calgary some time ago, and the Royal Grain Company expected them to be grade No. 2 Red Winter, but it was learned this week that the grade of wheat in Alberta is better than that of the grade of wheat affected by frost. It was the opinion of the Royal Grain Company that there was somebody in Winnipeg who was very short of wheat and decided to voice his feeling in a somewhat lengthy article.

There has been a lot of frost during the past week but it comes too late for anyone to need worry about it. The report made by the secretary of the publicity league in Edmonton, Mr. August Wolf,

published in the Journal last Saturday, made as a result of a long trip through the district, told a glowing story. Mr. Wolf is an expert in these matters and his testimony can be relied upon implicitly. The work which the Citizens' League is doing under his direction can hardly have its value overestimated. Throughout the length and breadth of the continent, the possibilities of Edmonton and the Edmonton country are being made known as never before.

We have heard often of the way the West was robbing the County of Bruce in Ontario of its people. There are no better people come to the country. But how serious the movement is for Bruce is shown by the following from a recent issue of the Walkerton Herald and Times:

"The way Bruce is being bled that the West may boom was witnessed here on Friday morning last, when the flower of the concessions gathered at the C.P.R. station to entrain for the prairies. The movement was not only a local one, but extended back over Bruce to Southampton, scores coming over the Grand Trunk as far as Walkerton and transferring to the C.P.R. here. The effect of this migration on Bruce will never be actually computed, as the value of a man to a state has never been correctly determined, but it is no exaggeration to say that so harmful to this movement to this country that it may aptly be described as a municipal disaster. While some will no doubt return after the harvest is over, others have gone who will not come back again. As farmers in Bruce are already suffering from a shortage in help, such outflows will likely result in less crops being sown and more farms being turned into pasture fields here. This depopulation of the concessions of the younger blood will soon leave the plow in the hands of the aged and infirm, and many a rural voters' list will look like an old age pension roll."

### THE AGE OF HURRY

(Syracuse Journal.)

A great fault in the life of hurry in this day is lack of thoroughness. We do things only for the moment. We all mean to do something great—to build up something permanent—but we put it off till a more favorable time, and to most of us the time never comes.

In our houses and our furniture one can read the character of the age. We prefer the cheap Queen Anne cottage to the tough old houses that our forefathers built. We seek nothing of posterity. Our philosophy is expressed in the bull of Sir Boyle Roche: "D— posterity; what has posterity done for us?"

We reason that if our houses decay rapidly and our furniture falls to pieces, the demands of the day and trade improve. What would become of carpenters and joiners if things never wore out? Two hundred years ago when a man built a house he designed it to last until the end of time. He sank the foundations deep into the soil. He used solid and durable woods if he did not use stone. He spared no toil to make the structure permanent. His furniture was built with the same solidity. The chairs might be stiff and clumsy, but they were well. During 200 years they have rendered people uncomfortable and they still are serviceable.

Any back writer on a newspaper grinds out a steady average of 1,000 words a day. In one year he writes 365,000 words. In ten years he does more writing than any celebrated writer of ancient or modern times has done in a lifetime. He does not and cannot write words that live or deserve to live longer than the moment. They perish in the swift change of conditions.

Even the writers of books grasp the passing fancy. That which should be most surely permanent of all is made a creature of commercialism, and the book that sells in the hundreds of thousands is laid forgotten next year. The stronger novels now put forth are not expected to outlast the season, and the ones that are prepared for launching are being sprung as mere different from those that are launched in the fall.

We lack thoroughness. We do our work "with neatness and dispatch," but in all things we sacrifice quality to quantity and speed. It is the very character of our workmanship has changed. We shall leave a scant legacy of material things to succeeding generations, however large our legacy of ideas.

### ANTI-EUGENIC

I thought that I would marry, and I started with a will. Upon the supposition that a Jack could find a Jill. But nowadays the fashion is to take account of stock.

And courting of our fathers' sort has met a sorry shock.

The first I loved was Mary, and Mary she loved me, But up rose her old doctor, who said it mustn't be. For he recalled her grandpaw, and swore that he had fits.

So on this ground he trampled our poetry to bits. Thereupon I tried for Susan, since Mary was no fit. And this time 'twas a lawyer who wouldn't have it so.

For in the county poorhouse were people of her name— He wasn't sure that they were kin, but likely were the same.

Just so with Peg and Polly, likewise with Kate and Van. I seem to get no further than I was when I began. I find that Jack and Billy are in the self-same fix— The parson and the doctor hold the trumps and take the tricks.

I wonder how our forebears got along without this fuss. Never dreaming their example'd seem deplorable to us.

I wish to goodness I'd been born before the microbe came, Before each wriggling, squirming mole received a special name.

The glad unscientific days when people fell in love, And married in their ignorance of all set down They seemed to come out well and strong, and fit to bear their part.

I'm thinking that what science needs is just a little heart. —M. J. Atkinson in New York Times.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT A MARK TWAIN EPISODE

Readers of "A Tramp Abroad" who recall the incident of the finding of the lost sock in the vast hotel bedroom of Heidelberg may be interested to compare the story as thus told with what really happened. In its instalment of the Mark Twain biography in the August Harper's, Albert Bigelow Laing quotes a letter from Mr. Clemens to his friend, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, dated from Munich, in which we are given the earliest version of this incident. In the letter the account run as follows:

"Last night I awoke. At three this morning, and after raging to myself for two interminable hours I gave it up. I rose, assumed a cat-like stealthiness, to keep from waking Lily, and proceeded to dress in the pitch dark. Slowly but surely I got on garment after garment—all down to one sock; I had one slipper on and the other on my head. Well, on the way down my knees I crept softly around pawing and feeling and scooping along the carpet and among chairs legs for that missing sock. I kept that up, and still kept it up, and kept it up. At first I only said to myself, 'I hate that sock; but that's all over the place. My ex-pleaves grew steadily stronger and stronger and at last, when I found I was lost, I had to sit flat on the floor and take hold of something to keep from lifting the roof off with the prime explosion that was trying to get out of me. I could see the dim blur of the window, but of course it was in the wrong place and could give me no information as to where I had not waked Lily. I believed I could find that sock in silence."

If the night lasted long enough. So I started again and softly padded all over the place; and sure enough, at the end of half an hour I had my hand on the missing article. I rose joyfully up and butted the wash bowl and pitcher off to speak. Lily screamed, then said: "Who is it? What is the matter?" I said: "There ain't anything the matter. I'm hunting for my sock." She said, "Are you hunting for it with a club?"

"I went in the morning and lit the lamp, and gradually the fury subsided and the ridiculous suggestion of the thing began to suggest themselves. So I lay down the sofa with note-book and pencil, and transferred the adventure to a big room in the hotel at Heidelberg, and got it on paper a good deal to my satisfaction."

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### AUNTS ANCIENT AND MODERN

Where are the aunts of yesterday, Whose quaint familiar faces Redeemed an age of chandler, Of lavender and laces, Their daily role to knit and chat On ottoman or settle, Their properties a pampered cat, A caddy and a kettle?

Where are the aunts of yesterday, Whose charitable labours, Whose coal and flannel made them dear, To impetuous neighbors, Who breathed an air of old lang syne, And struck delicate poses That went with elderly wine And desiccated roses?

Where are the aunts of yesterday, The bane of little nephews Who feared the ebullient chatter, The quer Appellate that the dead use, Small visitors who viewed askance Their autocratic habits And quailed before the forlornette glance Like paralytic rabbits?

Here were the groundsmen mow and delve Till everything was grassy, You'll find me out of 1912 Most handy with her brass; Scorning the after-lunch nap, The muttered "far niente," She strives to bring her handicap To something under twenty.

Here were the glittering snow-scapes alive And leafy flakes are swirling, You'll meet the aunt of 1912 Tobogganing and curling; Skiing and skating with the best In manner plucky and hearty, She adds inimitable zest To any Alpine party.

Queen of the tourney, she appears Till everything is grassy, Heroic bouts at Queen's or Lord's, At Ranelagh or Hendon; Where airmen play, where batsmen plant Their feet across the creases, Young Eugene greets the modern arm aut And disregards the nieces.

J. M. S. in Punch.

### GEORGE MEREDITH HIS SON ON RELIGION

My Dear Arthur,—What you say of our religion is what thoughtful men feel; and that you at the same time can recognize its moral value, is matter of rejoicing to me. The Christian teaching is sound and good; the ecclesiastical dogmas is an instance of the poverty of humanity's mind hideous, and has often in its hideous fangs and claws shown whence we draw our descent.—Don't think that the obscenities in the Bible do harm to children. The Bible is outspoken upon facts, and rightly. It is because the world is primarily and stupidly shamed that it can not come in contact with the Bible without convulsions. I agree with the Frommen that the book should be read out, for society is a wanton hypocrite, and I would accommodate her in nothing. I thought for the principle of a society I hold that men should be ready to lay down their lives. Belief in the religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perils of a perilous period when the animal appetites most need control and transmutation. If you have not the belief, set yourself to live virtuous by understanding that it is your best guide both as to what is due to others and what is for your positive personal good. If your mind honestly rejects it, you must call on your mind to supply its place from your own resources. Otherwise you will have only half done your work, and that is always mischievous. Pray attend to my words on this subject. You know how Socrates loved truth. Virtue and truth are one. Look for the truth in everything, and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing foul your sense of a Sovereign Being, and be certain that your understanding sways when you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks. Your loving father, GEORGE MEREDITH.

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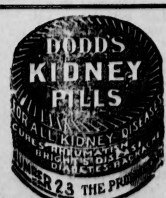
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## CLOTHES AND THE MAN

The news that the "topper" is to be abolished at Rugby will, no doubt, be received with pleasure by schoolboys who have a rather unreasoning dislike for this form of headgear, and by parents who find it expensive to provide. But we think the modern disregard for full dress is being carried far in the public schools. The clothes are not the man or the boy either, but the whole experience of civilized mankind shows that special attire has a distinctive value on special occasions.

SPORTING  
WORLD

"If there is any slackness in this country it is to be found in the rising generation, not in our old men."—Daily Mail.

"You are young, Master Richard," the old man declared,

"Yet in that slouch is uncommonly thick."

"I find that your throat is easily spared;

"Don't you think you might stir yourself, Dick?"

"As a tot," said the youth, "I was poked in the back,

"And was torn far too soon from my pram,

"So of course when I grew I preferred to be slack;

"And I don't care a D. if I am."

"You are young," said the Eld; "you possess a good chest,

"And your muscles look healthily tough;

"You have done it, young man, long enough."

"In my youth," the young fellow impatiently said,

"'Twas my juvenile waste to evince

"A somewhat deep-seated affection for bed,

"And I've never got out of it since."

"You are young," said the Ancient, "and yet you allow

"Every talent for pastimes you had

"To be spoiled by that pipe you are puffing at now;

"Don't you find that tobacco is bad?"

"When a child," said the boy, "I was ordered to wait

"Till the time when I tolled for my food;

"I have smoked ever since that unfortunate date,

"And I puff twice as hard if I could."

"You are young," said the sage, "yet you view in-  
concerned

"Our defeat at the hands of the Yank;

"Don't you think you might train till our luck has  
returned,

"With a nice little sum at the bank?"

"I am tired," said the lad, "of your elderly cheek;

"As for sport, I am now on the shelf;

"If you want a good team for Berlin you can seek

"For recruits of an age like yourself."

—London Times

That well-known writer on sporting topics, Mr. Laurence Woodhouse, has lately been making an examination into what it is that makes a man a great player at any games. He takes his illustrations from a variety of sports and what he has to say should be of no small value to anyone who is anxious to make a good showing on the athletic field.

"Sustained concentration," that was the burden of J. H. Taylor's song when he was explaining to Mr. Woodhouse the whys and wherefores of his wonderful round at Baden-Baden, where he accomplished the extraordinary feat of doing a nine-hole round in 28 strokes.

The famous ex-open champion is firmly of the opinion that concentration developed to a very high pitch is the groundwork, so to speak, of any great golfing achievement. During the round one's thoughts must never wander even for the infinitesimal part of a second from the game in progress. Once let the thoughts wander and it is extremely difficult, in fact well-nigh impossible, to "come back."

Golf, however, is not the only game, in the opinion of Mr. Woodhouse, in which this quality of concentration is so absolutely essential. Take any game or sport and it will be found that concentration is invariably the groundwork of success. In cricket concentration is absolutely necessary, whether you are batting, bowling, or fielding. Consider the batsman first. When he has taken guard he glances round to see where the fieldsmen are placed. Quick though that glance be it is a concentration of the mind to those points rather than in his mind the position of each man, and the batsman has to retain these positions vividly with the memory that he must not pull a ball up in the air and where near these fieldsmen.

Taking his stand ready for the delivery of the ball the first rule of batting, "keep your eye on the ball," must be absolutely observed. From the moment the bowler starts his run until the moment that the ball comes in contact with the bat the ball must be watched, as a mouse is watched by a cat. The eye and the mind must never waver for the tiniest atom of time.

A few years ago a young friend of the writer's was playing in an important lawn tennis tournament. He had reached the final and, playing with splendid determination, was winning easily, and after gaining the first two sets was leading by three games to love in the final set. His opponent was rather overcome by the heat and turned very faint.

However, he rallied and continued the match. The young player allowed his thoughts to wander to his opponent's condition; he lost his grip on the game and was unable to settle down steadily again, and the match was lost.

An extraordinary instance of this kind also occurred in the amateur racket championship in 1907. Mr. Basil Foster was playing Mr. E. B. Noel and was leading by 12-10, having already won the first two games. For some unknown reason he lost his strength and was beaten, after appearing to hold the championship firm in his grasp.

In football, whether it be Association or Rugby, the need for concentration is just as great as in other games. Both in defence and attack the player must endeavor to anticipate the movements of his opponents, or if he be in possession of the ball concentrate on outwitting them. The great back player must endeavor to anticipate the movements of his opponents, or if he be in possession of the ball concentrate on outwitting them. The great back player must endeavor to anticipate the movements of his opponents, or if he be in possession of the ball concentrate on outwitting them.

He seems to know beforehand what the next movement of the oncoming player will be. Such "intelligent anticipation," however, is only achieved by absolutely "living" in the game while it is in progress.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that really great players of all games, as soon as the game is in which they are engaged is over are more tired mentally than physically. Their exertions may have taken something out of them, but the real cause of fatigue has been the continued effort of brain and mind to concentrate and think only of the next move in the game.

To excel in any ball game the player must concentrate as deeply and in as sustained a manner as a chess-master or a brilliant cardplayer.

Mr. George S. Lyon of Toronto has won the Canadian amateur golf championship for the seventh time. This is a remarkable performance as Mr. Lyons must be well over fifty years old. Herein lies one of the greatest charms of golf. You do not have to quit the game when age begins to creep on you. Mr. Lyons' success should encourage many a veteran golfer to persist.

Another interesting fact in connection with his career is that he did not start golf till he was well on in years. He only took to it when he concluded that his time had come to stop playing cricket. He still holds the record for the largest score made in a Canadian cricket match, something like 250, if my memory serves me aright.

It is about time that the Church woke up to the part which clean sport plays in making men what they should be. A sign of the times was the reading at the recent Church Congress in England of a paper on sport by the famous Yorkshire and England cricketer, Hon. P. S. Jackson.

"You are familiar, I presume, with Johnson's 'Rasselas'?" observed the Boston girl.

"You must have got him mixed with 'Frank Gough,'" said the St. Louis young man. "Johnson is a prize fighter."

The London Mail's correspondent who followed the recent American championship tournament, said in one of his letters:

"There is practically no special American golf slang. They talk about 'shooting a round' in certain scores. When they play a hole under par they call it 'birdie,' and when they beat a man they say they have laid one across him. But that is all. In the evening after dinner in the clubhouses they assemble in circles round the table and sing glees and choruses with wild fervor. But this is often done on cold water, and they get out of bed early."

There was a good cartoon in one of the papers the other day showing a secret cipher in the big league game spreading himself for all that he was worth.

The manager is watching him closely but the fielders are loafing around while the one man in the grandstand is asking: "It is entitled 'The only man who does not know that the season is over.'"

When once the pennants are decided the only thing to do is to wait as patiently as possible for the next championship games to commence.

Toronto clinched the International this last week and there is great rejoicing in the Ontario capital. Just to show that they could really play ball the chief competitors for the honors, Rochester, defeated the new champions twice on Saturday.

The Calties won out easily by 4-0 on Saturday in the first match in Edmonton for the Bennett shield, emblematic of the soccer championship of Alberta. As Lloydminster has by no means a weak team, the chances of the Edmonton aggregation in the finals look bright. The Calgary match was a tie.

The Rugby season opened on Saturday with the Tigers defeating the Calgary Y.M.C.A. team by 20 to 3. This is not encouraging for a change from last year, but the fight was all between the Tigers and the Eskimos.

WHAT HE DISCOVERED FROM LONDON

In the daily half hour confidential talk with his boy an ambitious London father tried to give some advice.

"Be observing, my son," said the father on one occasion. "Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will be a successful man. Study things and remember them. Don't go through the world blind. Learn to use your eyes. Boys who are observant know a great deal more than those who are not."

Willie listened in silence.

Several days later, when the entire family, consisting of his mother, aunt and uncle, were present, his father said to him:

"Well, Willie, have you kept using your eyes, as I advised you to do?"

Willie nodded, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

"I have seen a few things about the house. Uncle Jim's got a bottle of hair dye under his bed, Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, ma's got some curls in her hat, and he's got a pack of cards and a box of dice behind the bookcase."

London Tit-Bits.

## THE DAY'S WORK

The day's work counts—  
It isn't what  
You mean to do a week ahead;

It isn't what you know you'll gain  
When all your energies have fled;

It isn't what you've dreamed and planned—  
Such hopes are but a phantom band—

The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—  
The foot you gained  
Since yonder sun dispelled the dark;

Next week, next month, next year are vain—  
Unto the present summons hark:

How have you labored ahead since morn  
In garnering life's oil and corn?

The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—  
It isn't much  
The gain of those few painful hours;

But be content if there is shown  
Some product of those sacred powers

Which guide each mind, uphold each hand,  
Strive with the best of your command—

The day's work counts.

—Denver Republican.

The provincial soccer championship promises to be well contested. The schedule is as follows:  
Sept. 21—Edmonton vs. Lloydminster at Edmonton, and Lethbridge vs. Calgary at Lethbridge.

Sept. 28—Edmonton or Lloydminster vs. Red Deer at Red Deer.

Oct. 5—Final game at Hillhurst.

McLaughlin's  
"DRY"

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In Dallas, Texas, the playgrounds committee of the city federation of women's clubs recently held a "tooth-brush day." There was an illustrated lecture on the dangers to health from decayed teeth, and a thousand twenty-five cent tooth brushes were sold at five cents apiece. Such work is greatly needed among the children who frequent city playgrounds. The women of

Dallas, however, are to be commended for not asking that "tooth-brush day" be made a part of all the special "days" suggested by well-meaning people woe-stricken, the school boards would consist principally of rating oranges and apples, planting trees, greeting mothers, saluting the flag, keeping the peace and celebrating the birthdays of national heroes.



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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of John A.H. Quail, late of the City of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, Merchant, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the late John A.H. Quail, who died on the 24th day of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send to National Trust Company, Limited, Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge, Hemwood and Gibson, Barristers, Edmonton, Solicitors for the said Administrator, on or before the 15th day of October, 1912, a full statement of their claims and any securities held by them, duly verified, and proceed to date the Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been filed with it or its Solicitors.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of September, A.D. 1912.  
WALLBRIDGE, HENWOOD & GIBSON,  
Solicitors for the Administrator.

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### ADVERTISE

## IN THE MIRROR

## VANITY FAIR

The coming week will be a gala one in the history of the theatre, smart society and all music lovers, the last three nights of the week being given over to the season's greatest attraction, the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Co.

Thursday Evening—"The Mikado."  
Friday Evening—"Patience."  
Saturday Matinee—"H. M. S. Pinafore."  
Saturday Evening—"The Pirates of Penzance."

There will be an ensemble of 75 and an orchestra of eighteen pieces.  
All kinds of box-parties, dinners and after-theatre suppers are being arranged for, and certainly when you consider that the cast includes such stars of the first magnitude, as De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Connelley, George Macfarlane, Viola Gillette, Kate Condon, Alice Brady, Arthur Aldridge, Louise Barthelemy, Arthur Cunningham, and the New York Casino Chorus and Orchestra, it is safe gambling that we are in for a most unusual treat.

Mr. Russell tells me he has ideas of starting a grill in connection with his theatre.

They have one in Calgary already, doing a land-office business, and I am sure a similar innovation here would prove a huge success.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sears are expected home from their trip to the Old Country the end of this month.

The Ball given by the Sergeants' Mess of the 101st, is being eagerly looked forward to, this Friday night.

Miss Kate Boucher and Miss Emily Brown arrived home on Thursday morning, from a delightful summer's holidays spent at the Coast.

Mrs. Arnold Sears is still out in Vancouver for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Barnes will resume her former reception on the first Wednesday of each month, beginning on Wednesday, October 2nd.

Mrs. Habersham who has recently moved to town from Seattle, has chosen the 1st Tuesday of each month for her reception day—the day on Sixth St.—and will receive for the first time next Tuesday, at her rooms in the Arlington Apartments, Suite No. 6.

Mrs. Donald MacDonald entertained at a smart luncheon of eight covers, at "Glencoe" on Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Colin Campbell of Winnipeg. The table was a lovely arrangement of quantities of pink carnations and fern, on exquisite real lace centres. The hostess was most attractively frocked in French grey marquisette, with folds of soft pink velvet and handsome oriental wool embroideries, the house guest, Miss Bradley, wearing a modish gown of soft shot green silk with some fine lace, and Mrs. Colin Campbell, a very smart black toilette, with a jaunty black turban with green grebe trimming.

The invited guests were—Mrs. Percy Barnes, Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald Sr., Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. Hialop.

After a happy hour spent over a cheery game of cards in the drawing-room, Mrs. Campbell went on to address a gathering held at the Y.W.C.A.

After the address to the Daughters of the Empire, in All Saints Schoolroom on Monday, Mrs. Colin Campbell was the guest of honor at a tea at the Corona, given by the various Chapters of the Order. There was only time for a cup of tea and a short pleasant gossip, but the tea-table looked very inviting banked with over-flowing baskets of pastries, and fern, and the guests were inclined to linger far into the dinner hour, to hear Mrs. Campbell tell of her very interesting visits to the last two Coronations, and life as she has found it, wandering about on her travels. During the tea party, an orchestra played some of the latest popular airs.

Mrs. J. B. Harstone held her post-nuptial reception at her home, the corner of Victoria Ave., and 9th St., on Wednesday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. McIliffe, Mrs. Leonard Drummond, Mrs. Hurd, Mrs. Harold Richards, and the Misses Rudolf.

A number of people called and had the pleasure of meeting one of the season's early brides.

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman entertained a few friends at the tea-hour on Wednesday, her lovely rooms were aglow with soft lights and fragrant flowers, and her mother, Lady Davies, at all times the centre of attraction of the groups of callers who dropped in during the afternoon.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick is giving a girls tea on Saturday, in honor of Madame Thibault's neices, the Misses Rudolf of Vancouver.

Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald returned from her holiday spent with her mother in Cobourg, Ont., on Monday. Mrs. Macdonald having gone to Winnipeg to meet her and both of them staying to enjoy a few days of gaiety in the Prairie City en route for home.

Mrs. Fred Harris was the hostess of a little good-bye Bridge in honor of Miss Katherine Henderson who leaves shortly for the Old Country, on Friday night last. The dairy prizes were won by Miss McAlpine and Mr. Reid.

Sir Joseph and Lady Dubuc of Winnipeg have been enjoying a visit with Mons. and Madame Lucien Dubuc.

Mrs. Ince of Ottawa leaves next Wednesday for a visit to the Coast.

She has had a charming summer visiting her mother, Mrs. Crosskill.

Madame Thibault will be the hostess at a girls tea this Friday in honor of her house-guests, the Misses Rudolf.

Mrs. Tom Douglas leaves with her baby daughter for a visit to her people in Ottawa, this week-end.

Miss Shibley's three teas in her small but charming suite, at the Lemarchand Mansions, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons were among the pleasant social distractions of the week.

On each day the rooms were a bower of flowers and happy, beautifully-frosted women, various friends of the hostess presiding at the artistically arranged tea-table, on each of the three afternoons Miss Shibley wore an elegant toilette of a lovely shade of green satin in which to receive her guests, the garnitures being of exquisite lace and jewel embroideries.

Shortly Miss Shibley expects to leave on a delightful holiday, which her friends have long since advised her she needed to take, for more than a year back.

Mrs. Percy Barnes, Regent of the Municipal Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, was the hostess of a charming luncheon of six covers at the Corona, on Monday, given for Mrs. Colin Campbell. The table had a great shower of lilies-of-the-valley as a central adornment, and the guests were: Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Ambrose Dickens, and Mrs. Kerr.

### PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

Ad Avinculum Samuelem.

Dear Uncle Sam, there is no doubt That when to do a thing you're out You do that thing in style; So now your guardians of the peace Stand first for getting rogues to grease Their itching palms with "ile."

Our bobbies here, a few at least, Know something of how palms are greased, Whose landlord finds it wise to treat The constable upon his beat, And keep that worthy blind.

And I have heard of damels frail, Outside the so-called social pale, Who sometimes forget to pay; And when they take their evening walk, And tangle foolish youths in talk, He looks the other way.

Yet, after all, such men-in-blue Are, over here, extremely few, And underlings at that; Whereas your bosses, over there, In this nefarious plunder share And pile up fortunes fat.

Not till Sir Edward has his price For winking at the West End's vice, Till Scotland Yard's elite With Fagin and with Sikes stand in And levy toll upon their tin, Can we with you compute.

In some fields still we hold our own; In many more our bays you bone, And we thereby are riled; But here with resignation calm We yield you, Nunky dear, the palm— That itches to be "iled."

Another chapter in the Boyce-Sneed tragedy is being played out in Amritillo, Texas, as we go to press. Having killed Boyce Sr., his wife's lover, Sneed has completed his work—or has he?—by killing young Boyce, the companion of his wife's runaway adventures.

In the Boyce Sr. murder trial, the jury disagreed, and Sneed was allowed out on bail.

They do so on a case of murder down in Texas. That "another chance" game, and "misguided mercy" racket, usually works out as it did in the present instance.

You remember how Deputy-Warden Stedman in our own penitentiary, not long ago paid his life as a forfeit for executive clemency exercised to a murderer who used his "other chance" to take a second life.

But in Amritillo, justice of law and order are laughing stocks. Things unknown. They don't employ any of them.

No doubt Sneed will again go free. I am not arguing the merits of the case, though from Sneed's attitude in both murders, one may well imagine that the wife of such a monster, would be driven to any pass to get away from him. He took an unoffending man's life, and his own very properly was forfeit.

There's the point we're at.

The United States can put it all over us in a great many respects.

She is so broad-minded that she winks at everything from murder down. A little conservatism is a good thing. Let us maintain ours—at any price. We are not jealous of Amritillo's freedom, had I not better write it, license, in such matters?

The Americans are armed cap-a-pie for outside invaders, but what about the more deadly enemies that are festering around her heart?

A new American tennis champion, Maurice McLaughlin of San Francisco emerges from the National tournament at Newport. He has been recognized as the best of the newer order of players and with Larned's retirement his win was looked for, though a Philadelphia school boy, Williams, made him think himself in one of the rounds. Both in Canada and the United States the tennis cities show the best tennis that is being played on the continent now.

Edmonton usually manages to secure one representative on the Bileys team. Sergt. Brown was fourth in the aggregates at Ottawa and will make the trip next year. This will be his second visit to Bileys and with his experience big things are possible from him.

Sir Wm. Mackenzie stated that the C.N.R. would be in Calgary by Nov. 15. But he also said that it was not its intention to erect a hotel there.

### ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STAMPEDE

Last week Calgary was the scene of the greatest wild west show probably ever held in America, and it was likewise the scene of the biggest organized petty graft ever pulled off in the West. Those prominent citizens who put up \$20,000 acted purely and wholly in a public-spirited effort to promote the big show. Their only fault was that they let a cheap American adventurer, one Guy Wedwick, to boss the show, and it was to his genius for organization and to his untiring zeal and energy that it proved to be the success it was. Wedwick, on the contrary, played the part of a jack in the box in showy shapes and silver mounted saddle, constantly getting in front of the moving picture cameras and otherwise keeping in the limelight. Visitors to the Stampede complain bitterly of the exorbitant prices for admission and for seats, but the citizens of Calgary are to blame only to the extent that they permitted Wedwick to get a contract by which he hogged the whole show.

His crowning achievement was when he charged a dollar a head to the public to get into the building where H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught was reviewing the cadets of Calgary.

Nobody but a lumberjerk from the land of shewnmen, where public dignitaries are regularly used for show purposes, would have ever thought of such an affront to the Canada's Governor-General and to the citizens of Canada. The cadets are maintained at public expense and by the private pockets of the parents of the boys, yet when they were reviewed by Canada's Governor-General the par-

ents were forced to pay a dollar to get in to see them.

It is to be hoped Calgary will profit by the lessons learned in the last show so that when another show of the kind is put on the public will get a square deal, and if the show is patronized by Canadian dignitaries they will not literally be made a show of by an enterprising showman from the United States or elsewhere—Vancouver Saturday Sunnet.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

The Season's Greatest Attraction Three Nights Beginning THURS., OCT. 3rd. Matinee on Saturday.

Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady Present

The Gilbert Sullivan Festival Company

From the New York Casino Theatre, with De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Connelley, George Macfarlane, Viola Gillette, Kate Condon, Alice Brady, Arthur Aldridge, Louise Barthelemy, Arthur Cunningham, and the New York Casino Chorus and Orchestra in a revival of Gilbert & Sullivan's Greatest Comic Opera, presenting on Thursday Evening—"THE MIKADO."—Friday Evening—"PATIENCE."—Saturday Matinee—"H. M. S. PINAFORE."—Saturday Evening—"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."—Ensemble of 75. Orchestra of 18.

N.B.—Notwithstanding this great cast of stars and the magnitude of the different productions, the following scale of prices will prevail.

Evenings, Box \$4.00, Floor, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, Gallery \$1.00  
Saturday Matinee, Box, \$2.00, Floor, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$1.50, Gallery 50c.

Seats reserved September 26th. Mail orders now if accompanied by check or money order.



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